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JOHN HARDY'S

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

N the North side of the town, as it is generally called, why I never exactly understood, since it is really the West side, if the points of the compass are to be depended upon—on the North side of the town, I say, not far from the river, is an out-of-the-way little street, which, for want of a better name, I shall christen Dean Place. It is a quiet, dreamy little street, not much wider than a country lane—indeed, it seemed a lane to me, the first time I saw it, and I think I have heard it was one, in the olden time, the far off quaint, old time when New York was Niew Amsterdam. It is as winding and crooked as a lane, Dean Place is, and in summer, when the trees on each side are out, full as leafy and green. Grass grows in the street, shooting up between the round cobble-stones, and the little plots of earth in the front areas are sown with flowers. The sides of the houses are spotted with moss, the roofs of the sheds are crusted with it, and the gutters, what you can see of them, are as green as the bottom of meadow brooks. All this shows what a rural, homely, untravelled, unbusiness-like little street Dean Place is. It looks as if it had never known what business was, or, having known it, (how long ago it must have been!) would never know it more. Shops there are few, or none—I should say none, did I not at this moment recollect an Apothecary's shop about midway the street, a small shop with large bottles, scarcely seen in the day, but as brilliant at night as so many rainbows. Yes, and a Baker's shop, too—how could I forget that? There is always a Baker, where there is an Apothcary (and a Butcher, also, for that matter, though I don't remember to have seen one in Dean Place), for before people can die (I mean no disrespect to the Apothecary,) they must live, and how can they live without a Baker? Of course there is a Baker in Dean Place, and all the children around know it!

This, I flatter myself, is not a bad description of the locality of my story; at any rate, it is an outline which a suggestive mind can easily fill up. There is, however, another side to the picture, another view of Dean Place, which I have not yet presented. I have hinted what it is in summer; permit me to show you now what it is in winter, say towards the last of December—nay, let it be on Christmas Eve, when my story opens. It was several years ago; it may have been five, it may have been twenty; the exact time is not essential; enough that it was Christmas Eve in Dean Place. The day had been overcast and lowering, a raw, damp, disagreeable day; no wind stirring, only a still, cold, benumbing air, that penetrated you like a wet sword. The sky was heavy with something—rain or snow; it felt more like snow than rain. The walks however were wet, as you saw when you drew near the lighted lamps; not wet enough to shine as they do in the rainy summer nights, but moist and slippery, as in the misty summer mornings. There was a faint moon overhead, a spot of gray light in the darkening blank of the sky, which made Dean Place look weird and ghostly. The houses rose on each side like dark walls of cloud, tolerably distinct when near, but dim and unreal in the distance. Here and there through the closed blinds were little flashes of light, the flickering of lamps and candles within, or the unsteady blaze of the hearth-fires. The trees in front of the houses were grim and dark; not a leaf lingered upon them; you saw every crook and twist of the withered branches, drawn against the sky like fantastic black skeletons.

Towards the lower end of Dean Place the street makes a sort of curve, after which it runs straight to the river. In the centre of this curve, the elbow as it were of Dean Place, there is a little court, which looks so much like a street, what there is of it, that you cannot help thinking it was intended for one. It seems as if a great wedge had been driven in there, forcing apart the houses until it came in contact with a church, where it suddenly stopped, not wishing to create a split among its members. It is a triangular court, of course, or it would not have suggested my simile of the wedge. It is paved with cobble-stones, and has narrow sidewalks of flagging, and at the further end, in the shadow of the church, stands a worm-eaten, mossy old pump. There are three small wooden houses on each side of the court, old, two-story wooden houses, with narrow windows, and porches at the door. The doors are embellished with large knockers, six mild-looking, fat old lions, with rusty rings in their mouths. Bells are out of place there, and night-latches also, although one of the houses *has* a night-latch of the latest and safest pattern. In this house, the second on the right of the court, lived JOHN HARDY, the hero of my story, whom I should have introduced to the reader before. Let us enter at once, then, (you need no night-key while with me,) and see how he keeps his Christmas Eve. We are in the front room on the lower floor, a small, plainly furnished room, suited to a man of very moderate means. It contains but little furniture, and most of that is old. *Item:* Six mahogany chairs, with seats of black haircloth; a mahogany card-table, standing on carved lions' claws; a lounge to match; a half-worn carpet of a small stiff pattern, (you see it was made for a larger room, because the edges are turned under all round); chintz curtains at the windows; a tall, three-cornered, black-walnut book-rack, with a large family Bible, and a cup and saucer of old china on the upper shelves; an astral lamp on a stand beside a lady's work-basket; three or four engravings on the walls—an English landscape, by MORLAND or GAINSBOROUGH, a full-length of WASHINGTON with a sword in his hand, a head of CHRIST crowned with thorns, and over the mantle, between two silver-washed candlesticks, a sad, sick-looking woman. The ladies may arrange all this to suit their tastes, (the table stood between the windows, and the book-rack in the corner, if that will help any,) while we busy ourselves with JOHN HARDY. He sits before the grate in a sober, contemplative mood. As far as I can judge by his appearance, he is about forty, a tall, angular man, with stooping shoulders, and thin hair beginning to turn gray. He is not handsome, he is not homely, but hovering between, now one, now the other, as he is moved from within. His forehead is large and square, his cheek-bones prominent, his nose long and sharp; his eyes are fine, however, kind, loving, intelligent. His lips are thinner than I like to see lips; the lines are too firm and severe. There is a world of determination in them, and possibly a little injustice. His hands are ill-shaped; the fingers are too short, the knuckles too large; in fact his hands and feet are ugly. So much for JOHN HARDY, as God made him. For the rest, the handiwork of his tailor, there is not much to be said. He was dressed in a plain black suit, a good deal the worse for wear; not shabby, mind, for JOHN was too neat by nature ever to be shabby, but somewhat whitened by age and hard-brushing. You saw at a glance that he was poor, but still not crushed by his poverty. Downcast he might be, as who is not, at times? but not less strong on that account. Take him all in all, he was a strong, brave man, shy, but self-sustained, stubborn, but sensible, severe but just; in short a thorough New Englander of the best but narrowest type.

JOHN HARDY was the last man in the world whom you would have supposed a hero, yet he was one, in his way, and had been for years. There was nothing remarkable in his past life—no adventure, or romance. It had been passed in work, hard, ill-paid, incessant work, not so much for himself, for he could have lived on a third of what he earned, as for his mother and sister, who were entirely dependant upon him. His father, a sickly, consumptive tailor, died about twenty years before, leaving JOHN the head of the family. The boy, for he was scarcely more, settled up the estate, paying his father's debts to the last cent, but also exacting the last cent that was due him, and with what was left, a hundred dollars in cash, and an old-fashioned, silver watch, with a large cornelian seal, moved the family to New York, and began the

battle of life. He soon found a situation, first as a copyist in a law office, then as a book-keeper with a small salary. It was as much as he could do to keep out of debt, for his mother was generally sick, and his sister KATE too young to be any help to her; still he managed to do so, by sacrificing himself on all occasions. He even went hungry, when his funds were low, hiding under his own cloak the wolf that might otherwise have attacked his dear ones. It is a small matter to go without your dinner occasionally, particularly if you have already eaten yourself into a dyspepsia, but go without it day after day, as JOHN HARDY did, healthy, hungry JOHN HARDY, to buy useless medicines for his mother, or a new book or ribbon for his sister, verges a little on heroism. So at least it seems to me, under the correction of wiser judgments.

I might write pages about JOHN HARDY'S early life, but they would not be very interesting, for one year thereof was as like another year, as one leaf is like another leaf. (what, indeed, are the Years but leaves on the great Tree of Time, fading, falling forever?) so I shall say no more about it, but return to JOHN himself, whom we have left all this while sitting in front of the grate. He leaned back in his chair, his left hand resting on his knee, his right dangling his watch-seal, the great cornelian seal of which I have spoken. He wondered as he twirled it in his fingers what the pawnbroker would lend him on it. But why not pawn his watch, instead, you may ask, if he was so hard up? Because it

was already pawned, and the beggarly equivalent spent, part of it for the coals with which the grate was freshly filled, the remainder for a small brown-paper parcel on the mantel (I had almost forgotten that), and a large basket of provisions in the back room. JOHN pawned his watch that afternoon, to carry the family over Christmas, but not wishing his wife to know it, for he strove to conceal his poverty even from her, he retained his chain and seal, to delude her into the belief that it was still safe in his pocket! JOHN, JOHN, I would not have expected this from you!

JOHN HARDY was out of work. He was a book-keeper, as I have said, and a good one, too, but not of the kind that commands high salaries. He was competent and faithful, but mechanical and slow, a workman, not an artist. How he came to lose his place I never heard. The house of BLIGH Brothers may have failed in the Panic (I know their liabilities were heavy at that time,) or they may have felt it their duty to discharge JOHN for not voting as they did. Perhaps he was not sound on the goose—that mythical, troublesome goose which our Southern brothers are now roasting so brown! It is possible that he refused to make a false entry in his books. But no matter what the reason was, he was out of work, and had been for half a year. He had at the start a little money laid by in the Savings Bank, but it gradually ebbed away in fives and tens, until one day all was gone. He sold his books, the poorest first, hoping to save the best, which he now had leisure to read, SHAKESPEARE, DICKENS, and the like, but he was forced to part with them in the end—all except the old family Bible, which his mother had given him at her death. He was unwearied in his efforts to obtain a situation. He called on all the firms with whom BLIGH Brothers had done business in his time, and on all the book-keepers whom he knew, to engage their good offices, in case they should happen to hear of anything, besides spending a small fortune in advertisements, but all to no purpose. He could not get work. Others could however. There was young TOM CLARKE, who was under him at BLIGH Brothers', and who was discharged the same time he was, *he* found no difficulty in getting a place, for in less than a week after his discharge, he was on his way to the South as a travelling agent, with a salary of Two Thousand a year, and found. To be sure TOM was a favorite with the country customers of BLIGH Brothers, whom he initiated into the mysteries of city-life, when they came to town, introducing them to certain palatial mansions which he frequented, inhabited by beautiful young damsels, who dressed in the most expensive manner, (though strange to say their dresses always seemed made from remnants, the patterns were so scant!) and whose steady drink in the evening was champagne; and certain other palatial mansions, inhabited by benevolent, middle-aged gentlemen, who kept open houses for their friends every night, setting tables of two sorts for their instruction and gratification, the one covered with green cloth and stiff pieces of pasteboard of an oblong shape, emblazoned with the effigies of royal personages, and cabalistic spots of different figures and colors, (I think they call them cards!) the other with plate, and game, and famous brands of wine, not forgetting the universal champagne, of which we are all so fond! The scape-grace could get a situation, the gentleman could not. It was hard, very hard.

Of what was JOHN HARDY thinking that lonesome Christmas Eve? Really, my good friend, you ought to know as well as I, for if what I have told you about him and his circumstances does not give you the clue, I am sure I can not. I know what I would have been thinking of, and you, too, unless you are an angel or a brute—money, money, money! It is not an ennobling thought at any time, least of all on Christmas Eve, the holiest season of the year, but it is one from which the poor can not escape. It will force itself upon them at all hours; it will haunt, and trouble, and baffle them. JOHN HARDY was thinking of money. He had appointed himself a Committee of Ways and Means, and was trying to dream out a plan to replenish his empty treasury. It would not have troubled him had he been single, for a single man, he said, can always take care of himself. But taking care of a wife and child (JOHN had given those "hostages to fortune") was quite another matter. JOHN was thinking of his wife and child. How he should get food and clothes for them if he did not get work soon. "Were I a bachelor," he thought, "I would go to sea as a sailor, or enlist as a soldier, but as it is, both the army and navy are closed to me." He filliped his seal, and stared in the fire, and gave himself up to his thoughts.

While he sat there brooding over his poverty, the latch of the back-room door was lifted, the door was thrown open, and in walked a large small boy. He was a sturdy fellow, with chubby red cheeks, plump arms and body, and a royal pair of legs, which he planted firmly on the floor. He wore a red merino frock, and white cambric drawers ruffled below the knee, short woolen stockings, and a pair of patent-leather gaiters, buttoned at the side. He was a healthy, hearty little man, with nothing noticeable about him except his head, which was covered with a shock of red hair, thick and matted like the mane of a young colt. It struck you unpleasantly at first, as red hair generally does, but you soon began to like it, the color was so unusual—not really a red, but a shade of purple, such as you sometimes see in the pictures of the old masters. Behind this young gentleman, who had reached the venerable age of five years, and whose name was PHILIP HARDY, was a little lady carrying a coal-scuttle. She was dressed in a chocolate-colored muslin de laine, which fitted around a neat little waist and bust, and came up high in the neck, where it terminated in a little white isthmus of collar. She had a petite face, delicately cut, but irregular, small red lips, kind, blue eyes, and heavy golden hair, not the flaxen counterfeit which often passes for it, but real golden hair, yellow, glossy, precious, twisted at the back of her head in a great coil. She could scarcely be called beautiful, (though JOHN thought her so, the simple fellow!) but she was certainly a lovely little body; lady-like, cheerful, and good. Her name was ELIZABETH, but everybody called her LIZZY, LIZZY HARDY.

Master PHILIP walked up to the fire and took his station alongside the grate; his mother stole softly to her husband's chair, and laid her hand on his burning brow. He started suddenly, like a man roused from a dream, and seeing the coal-scuttle in her hand, rose and took it from her. "ELIZABETH, you should let me do that." There was a tone of grave reproach in his voice—a hurt

gentlemanly feeling, which would have done honor to a grandee of Old Spain.

"It was not heavy, JOHN," she answered pleasantly, "you see, yourself. But what a man you are! you didn't rake the fire as I told you. You want to freeze me and PHIL. Don't he, PHIL?"

"He'd better not," said the stout urchin, shaking his fist at his father.

JOHN smiled, and began to hunt about for the poker, but his wife, whose eyes were keener than his, saw it first, and seizing it, was down on her knees before the grate, and raking out the ashes, before he could interpose.

"That's the way to make a fire, sir," said Master PHIL, complacently. "See how mother does it."

The grate was filled, the blower put up, and JOHN and LIZZY sat down together. Their chairs were near, and would have been nearer but for the jealous child, who thrust himself between them, and leaned on his mother's breast.

They talked together, JOHN and LIZZY, as husband and wife should by the fireside; not of the shadow which had come over their happiness—the poverty with which they were struggling—they had talked of that many and many a time in the past six months, but of their household matters, the sayings and doings of their neighbors, the thousand and one little things which go to make up life—the sweet, domestic chat of a loving husband and wife. JOHN had met Mr. LUDLOW in Broadway, and he was not looking so well as usual. LIZZY had been to see Aunt SARAH, while JOHN was down town. PHILIP had made a funny speech at dinner. The Apothecary had discharged his new clerk for helping himself too freely from the till. Mr. HENRY, who lived opposite, at number 5, had brought home a pair of enormous turkeys. Domestic small talk, delightful enough by the fireside, but flat and stupid in a story. I shall not repeat it.

Master PHILIP made several attempts to divert his mother's attention, but not succeeding, quitted her in a pet, and clambering

up in his father's lap, curled his legs under him, like a miniature Grand Lama. LIZZY moved her chair nearer her husband's, and while he smoothed the matted locks of the Grand Lama, stretched her left hand towards him, and pointing to the third finger, touched the plain gold circlet thereon, and whispered softly, as only a woman could, "Sorry, JOHN?" He shut his eyes to keep the tears in, and clasping her hand in his own, shook his head sadly. She understood his dumb answer, and rejoiced. Not that she had for an instant supposed he was sorry for having married her (it would have killed her, I think, if she had,) but she was a woman, and wanted to be assured of what she already knew. When a woman gives a man her love he takes it for granted ever after; but when a man gives a woman his love she is continually seeking fresh proofs of it. It is her way, silly creature, and who would blame her for it? Not I for one, for think what a compliment it is to us men! We are sure of her, conquering Turks that we are, but she is doubtful of us. It tickles our vanity amazingly.

"You are not sorry then, JOHN?"

"If I am, ELIZABETH, it is for your sake, not mine."

"Sir, and madam," said the Sacred Potentate, uncurling his troublesome legs, "you are dummies."

They both burst into a laugh, the first that cheered the house that Christmas Eve.

"Father," said Master PHILIP, "what's to-night?"

"Christmas Eve, PHILLY."

"Santa Claus's birth day, isn't it?"

"There isn't any Santa Claus, my son."

"Isn't there though! You just wait and see! He filled my stocking last Christmas with a box of marbles and a whip, but the whip wasn't a good one. There isn't a Santa Claus, then I'll cut off his head. Anyhow I'll hang up my stockings, both of 'em. Mayn't I hang up yours too, mother? It's bigger than mine."

"Not much, PHIL," said JOHN, who caught a glimpse of his wife's little foot.

"You're a bad man, JOHN," continued the irate youngster, resenting his father's attempt to demolish his cherished myth.

"You've got somebody something," said LIZZY diplomatically, spying the parcel on the mantle.

"T-O-Y-S." JOHN spelled the word slowly in a great whisper.

It was not long before Somebody began to show signs of drowsiness. The rosy door of his speech was closed, the fringed curtains of the windows of his soul were let down; all was quiet in the little house with the purple thatch.

"Bed, darling, bed," said mother, rousing the heavy sleeper.

He rubbed his eyes, and expressed his willingness to go at once, but declared he would not sleep in the bedroom. He would sleep in the parlor to see Santa Claus when he came down chimney. He was coming down the parlor chimney, because the fireboard and stove-pipe wouldn't let him come down the kitchen. But his last argument was the clincher. "If you don't let me sleep in the parlor I'll break my heart."

"Do let him this once," pleaded LIZZY, and as she really seemed to desire it, JOHN consented. He placed the juvenile conqueror on his feet beside his mother, and while she undressed him—what a royal little gladiator he was when stripped!—went into the bedroom, and fetching out the walnut crib in which the boy was accustomed to sleep, arranged it in the corner.

"Now my little boy must say his prayers."

"Prayers are not good," said the little sceptic, stoutly, to the secret delight of his father, who put on a severe face, and made him kneel down by the crib.

He accepted the situation, but revenged himself by occasionally sallying from the field of ethics, into the more congenial domain of natural history. He made a sandwich of bear's meat out of our daily bread, while our debtors were somehow transmogrified into crocodiles! Amen over, he hung his stocking on the foot of the crib, and was tucked up for the night.

The bell now began to ring in the church at the end of the court, calling its members thither to celebrate Christmas Eve. JOHN seated himself again, and crossing his hands, hearkened to its solemn vibrations. His wife went to the window and looked out. It was a disagreeable, dark night, so dark, in fact, that she could not have seen across the court but for the lights in the windows opposite. She turned towards the street, of which she could get a glimpse, for there was a lamp before the court, and stared at the flitting figures of the passers-by. She watched them come and go, fidgeting, as if she expected some one who did not appear. In a few moments she half-closed the curtain, and returned to the fire.

"What time is it, JOHN?"

He clapped his hand to his seal, but suddenly recollecting himself, blushed scarlet, as if he had been caught in a crime. She bit her lip with vexation, while a queer twinkle shot into her eyes, and answered, "No matter, I will go into the kitchen and see. I forgot to wind the clock."

JOHN blessed her forgetfulness, and when she came back was staring into the fire innocently.

"How late is it?" the good old hypocrite asked.

"Eight o'clock." And then to herself, "I wonder what keeps her so late."

"Come and sit down, dear."

"I promised Mrs. HAWKINS to come up and sit with her awhile; she is sick."

"Why, I saw her out to-day."

"Yes, but she is not well."

Not well, indeed, Mrs. HARDY, you are quite safe in saying that of Mrs. HAWKINS, for that estimable lady, according to her own account, has been dying these fifty years!

"May I go, JOHN?" She cast her eyes towards the window, and

saw through the half parted curtain the outline of a woman's face peering cautiously in. She nodded a sign of recognition, and was about to open the door into the entry when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "JOHN," she said, returning to her husband, "you must not be angry with me, but I have something to tell you. I saw KATHARINE to-day." She trembled, and looked at him anxiously.

"Saw her?" he stammered.

The face at the window grew more distinct, and a finger was laid on the lip.

"Her," he repeated; "you?"

"Dear JOHN," she said solemnly, "remember the words of Christ. 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors?'"

She kissed him, and was gone.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

THE HIGH old times in merry England
When Christmas whitens the pane,
And the chine and sirloin in chorus join,
Singing, "Cut and come again!"

When under the bower of mistletoe
Resounds the well-planted smack,
As DOROTHY'S kissed by scatter-brained JOE,
And golden-haired SUE by JACK.

And, ever so jolly, the bright-faced holly,
His brow with red berries bound,
Sets off the white mug and the brown-bellied jug
That are pacing the board around.

But what of us here and our own good cheer,
When almanacks blow and hail,
And Christmas lightens the faltering year
From its burden of woe and wail?

No mistletoe tree, indeed, have we,
With its "Kiss me quick and go!"
Better notions of sport have the girls that *we* court,
With their "Stay, love, and kiss me slow!"

And though England may brag of her haunches of stag,
And her pheasant-cock gorgeous to see,
Yet the best of her game is but puny and tame
Compared to our wild tur-key.

Let her centre her belief in her bacon and beef,
Double X and stiff Burton ale:
Her caboose we can stump with our buffalo-hump
And our succulent beaver-tail.

And if she in her pot has a white-finned tur-bot,
Or a full-breasted Dorking fowl,
Why, she knows not the *gout* of our terrapin stew,
Nor ever hath heard of squab-owl.

Of the rivers and sea strange fishes hath she—
Finnan haddies, and flounders, and dab:
But never, I guess, in her daintiest mess
Was included a soft-shelled crab.

She may moisten her clay, in her own old way,
With brown beer in the pewter drawn;
But for liquor to scare the blue devil Care,
Give me our own Bour-bon.

Yet in wetting our pipes to the Stars and the Stripes,
Let us take in her Union Jack—
For we well may make merry and treat her with Sherry,
'Tis so long since we gave her the Sack!

TO BARNUM!

BARNUMBO—hail! *Slam likeum!* as we say in Arabic You Know. So you're Out Again!

It's all Humbug to call you a Humbug for you use Humbug so thick to prove that Humbug ain't Humbug, and somehow or other succeed to proving to Yourself that every thing is a Sham—the shadow of a shadow. You peel away after your fashion at this onion of a world, and as every scale comes off you cry "a Humbug." By-and-by you'll peel it all away and say—it was All Humbug. The fact is that you patted and stamped Gammon down so hard that it really looks like solid Truth—and you believe it's the real thing. And a great many believe with you—all who think that Mammon is a solid eternal Truth and the only difference which separates Mammon and Gammon is that between a labial and a dental. The latter to be sure is rather transcen—dental—but that's out of their line entirely—and Yours too!

BARNUM—we don't regard you at all as a Doctor Dulcamara or a Mountebank, or a Jack Pudding, or a Charlatan—or Any Other Man. These were all small Items—You're a Principle—a Nelement you know. You've risen with the Age, and between the toots of your Merry Andrew trumpet you come preacher over us. "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen—I assure you upon my Honor there is no Deception! I have made money—it is the only Real Truth—and you all Get Your Money's Worth! Be Industrious, be Enterprising—be—be—be——"

Yes—you're a Nelement and an Exponement, and all that. *Tan tara tara, tan tara!* And—the world owes you a great deal. For since the Cant of Sham Puritanism with Sharp Practice and Quackery and "Enterprise" *must* exist, perhaps 'Tis best, oh BARNUM, that You, the Avowed Humbug, should roll them all up in one and keep them down to a Woolly Horse level. There's a vast amount of Stuff, oh BARNUM, which—often climbs much higher than it ought to, which you have, by Barnumising it, converted from the Irrepressible to the very Pressible indeed—pressing it as under a rolling-mill quite below the limit of a—h'm—well—we'll say what in Certain Circles is generally regarded as Proper.

BARNUM you are the Self-Offered American Moral Sacrifice, and National Columbian Scape Goat of the Century.

HORRIBLE AND ALARMING PIECE OF DARING ON THE PART OF A YOUNG MAN ON CHRISTMAS EVENING. (*From a sketch on the spot by our Special Artist.*) N. B.—HE IS EXPECTED TO RECOVER.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE CAVALIERS,

RS, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF VIRGINIA.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE.

Christmas Jingle.

Last CHRISTMAS, I remember,
  I sat beside the hearth,
And watched each glowing ember
  To tiny flames give birth,
While the snow-flakes of December
  Were whitening the earth.

Rapt close in meditation,
  And all that sort of thing,
The idle brain's creation
  And vague imagining,
I had a visitation
  Perhaps worth mentioning.

My pipe its clouds emitted
  In wreaths of azure hue,
Through which strange visions flitted,
  As they are wont to do
When one is sombre-witted
  And feels a little blue.

Strange visions . . . girls with faces
  Of loveliest blush and smile,
Whose forms wore all the graces
  That strengthen woman's wile,
When clothed in silks and laces
  Cut in the latest style.

Then rare, melodious noises . . .
  Some seraphic trombone . . .
Came mingling with sweet voices
  Blent in a tender tone,
Saying, "When all the Earth rejoices
  Why should'st thou be alone?"

I felt that I was weary
  Upon that CHRISTMAS day . .
That I alone was dreary
  While others all were gay
With CHRISTMAS feasting cheery.
  So I hadn't much to say.

And again they put the query,
  Why I should lonely be
While other folks were merry,
  And said they could n't see
Why I should be so very
  Fond of my misanthropy.

While still these figures fluttered
  My lonely hearth-stone o'er,
And still these voices uttered
  Their question as before,
I, half-unconscious, muttered
  "I'll be alone no more!"

"'Away with melancholy!'"
  I'll seek me out a bride,
And when the berried holly
  Glows red at CHRISTMAS-tide,
I'll know of no such folly
  As a lonely fire-side!"

Then fled the fairy visions . . .
  Their object was attained . . .
They had fulfilled their mission,
  Their ultimatum gained . . .
They fled, but my decision
  Quite palpably remained.

Again the CHRISTMAS season
  Rolls round as seasons roll,
The feast is more than reason,
  The flow is more than soul,
And Tyrant Care, by treason
  Is drowned in many a bowl.

Again within my chamber
  I sit and muse once more,
While from the hearth each ember
  Gleams red across the floor,
And the snow-flakes of December
  Lie white on hill and shore.

Again I sit, but never
  As once I used to sit,
By phantoms haunted ever . . .
  Vague forms that fade, and flit,
Enough to make a clever
  Fellow have a stupid fit!

Ah no! my resolution
  Has straightly been put through,
And another institution
  Has crept my life into . . .
I have declared for "Fusion,"
  And my ally has proved true!

My ALLY . . . that's my ALICE . . .
  A vision far more dear
Than those that rose in malice,
  From the pungent Latakia
That burned within the chalice
  Of my meerschaum pipe, last year.

No more in lonely musing
  I hear the slow hours chime . . .
No more my lot abusing
  In sentimental rhyme . . .
No more I'm caught refusing
  To have a jolly time!

But, free from blues and bother,
  Quite cosily at ease,
I sit by BABIE's mother
  With BABIE on my knees,
And look from one to t'other
  As proudly as you please!

So you, who do as I did
  On Christmas-days gone by,
Ere She and I decided
  Our forces to ally,
If lonely you've abided,
  This other method try.

A lonely Pine is standing
In the North where cold winds blow
Shivering, while around him,
Lie drifting ice and snow.

He's dreaming of a Palm Tree
Which, far in the Southern land,
Sadly is ever drooping
Alone in the burning sand.—HEINE.

Old bachelors grow spiteful,
As I erst-while have known . . .
Heart-loneliness is frightful,
And in the Book 'tis shown,
That it isn't good, or rightful,
For Man to be alone.

I hear my ALICE singing
As the CHRISTMAS snow-flakes fall,
And the CHRISTMAS bells are ringing
From every belfry tall,
This CHRISTMAS burthen bringing,
"God Bless Us One and All!"

SOMETHING LIKE A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

In a work entitled "Fossil Footprints," we find an account of a bird that has made its mark upon the old time geological strata of Connecticut, in a manner the reverse of contemptible. This fowl—spoken of by Professor HITCHCOCK, the author of the book referred to, as the *Brontozoum Giganteum*—displayed, or rather splayed, a foot eighteen inches long, and proportionably broad. In one sense, then, the B. G. may be said to have three feet, the arithmetical aggregate of its two, in inches, being thirty-six. It is calculated to have been about twelve feet high, and to have weighed, when in prime condition, something like eight hundred pounds.

Ah! the times of old Connecticut, and the folk and the fowl! A Christmas carol, for instance, in proportion to the *Brontozoum Giganteum* that steamed upon the festive half-acre of table, must have been rather a loud thing in those days; Paterfamilias proceeding homeward with his Christmas *Brontozoum Giganteum* in one hand, and its complementary fascine of celery in the other, a picture. It is a pity that we have no records of life in Connecticut when such things were: but we should say that if Cock-Crow was on a proportional scale to the *Brontozoum Giganteum*, people must have been started out of their beds pretty quick in the days of old Connecticut.

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It must be some two or three years since an English fancy man, named BULWER LYTTON, alias LYTTON BULWER, began to worry the public with the above question, and as neither he nor his publishers seem to have arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, we venture to suggest a few "ifs," and one "but."

If it is "pewter," or popularity, or a polecat—Run after it.

If it is a band-box, or a poor relation, or the truth—Run from it.

If it is a meerschaum, or a shoulder of pork, or a coon in a hollow log—Smoke it.

If it is a pot of incense, or a tailor's bill, or one of his own novels—Burn it.

If it is a ballot-box, or the skin of a "What Is It?"—Stuff it.

But if it is a bailiff, or a Hoop snake, or the face of an upright man or woman—Run like blazes!

'Alf and 'Alf.

WENDELL PHILIPS said, at the late attempt at a JOHN BROWN meeting in Boston, that a year before, he had carried the ashes of JOHN BROWN half-way from Virginia to North Elba. He omitted to state that it was the last half.

Latest from Congress.

New Session.

THE WAR IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

POLICHINELLO, Dec 8th.

MIABLE VANITY:—Order reigns in Warsaw. Italy is comparatively free.

But I have lost my other leg.

GARIBALDI is at Caprera. I have just seen some turnips from his farm. If there is anything in this world to compare with his generalship, it is his turnips.

VICTOR EMANUEL and I gracefully wear the mantle of the ex-Dictator. I have taken the King into my confidence. All is therefore well.

You are aware that my regular army . . . the Piedmontese . . . objected to the confirmation of the Garibaldian soldiery as regulars, and refused to call the officers by their titles. This provoked many *èmeutes*, which, in some cases, required my personal interference.

On the mornin- of the 30th ult., while I was still in bed, enjoying a cup of cho-late, a cigar, and a copy of Dr. WATT's hymns, a Zouave of the Garibaldian army rushed into my presence, livid with fear and alarm.

"Generalissimo!" he cried, "there is trouble below! The pampered minions of the King have fallen upon the gallant patriots of the Dictator, and are playing hob with them! *Au secours!*"

"Slave, begone!" said I; "I will be there anon. Give me my boots, and a cocktail, not too sweet."

Clothed in these simple articles, I sallied forth, sword in hand. A party of Piedmontese had surrounded the town-pump, and would not allow the volunteers to get water therefrom. The latter had endeavored to assert their right by force, and the regulars, being the strongest, had repulsed them.

In such cases, cruelty is often necessary. My position was painful, but on my prompt action depended the safety of the army . . . of Italy . . . perhaps of the World.

I do not refer to the newspaper of that name.

Seeing, then, that the Piedmontese were determined and mutinous . . . a dangerous body of men, some two hundred in number, all armed . . . I threw myself upon them like a tiger, and in a minute, unaided save by my goodly sword, I had slain them all.

The Zoo-zoos were delighted, and called upon me for a speech. I declined, . . they insisted.

Finally, to appease them, I mounted the pump, and began an address . . . one that I have often delivered in my own native land with great effect. It begins:

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled."

As I got so far, I stamped my foot, to give emphasis to the words, and the togs of the pump, being unsound, gave way.

I found myself precipitated half way down the well, inside the pump-log, where I lodged, and could move neither one way nor the other.

The soldiers, who supposed at first that my disappearance was intentional, applauded loudly. My calls for help, however, convinced them of the awkardness of my position, and they immediately lifted out the log in which I was jammed. We, that is log and myself, were carried to a carpenter's-shop, and placed on a circular saw, which cut my wooden enclosure in two just at my waist. The lower half was easily removed, but the upper would not budge. We tried all sorts of devices for getting it off, but in vain, and I resigned myself to my fate.

"Never mind," I said; "let me alone. I will wear the log for the sake of Italy and liberty!"

The soldiers wiped their eyes.

The carpenter wiped his nose.

I left the shop, and walked up toward my quarters, with the log still firmly fixed upon my body.

The town authorities, thinking that I meant to steal this portion of their pump, arrested me, and I was forced to call my soldiery to the rescue.

They came. The citizens took the part of their city officials, and the battle of Polichinello began!

With the log about me, I joined in the fray, and was effectively used by the Zouaves as a battering-ram. In the heat of the action, however, the men who handled me got me turned the wrong way, and tried to beat down a stone wall with the end of the log whence my only remaining leg protruded. The result was, that my unfortunate limb was shattered, the wall was battered, and the enemy scattered. The log, in which I acted as a wedge, was split open, and I escaped, but with the loss of my last remaining limb. At present I haven't a leg or an arm to stand upon.

I have been placed on wheels, however, and am quite comfortable.

I have intended to resign my position here, return to America, and finish my days in agricultural happiness and peace at Coney Island, where I have a large clam-plantation, but I see that there are breakers ahead.

Next Spring, I shall want 100,000,000 of men, under arms. Please send them to me, and oblige, Yours etc.,

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A correspondent, (evidently a young man) wants to know the origin of the popular phrase "Got him on a string." We fear our friend must have learned to write before he learned to read, or he would have known that this classical sentence originated with B. FRANKLIN, and that the key to this great philosopher's success in the study of Electricity, was owing to the fact that he first got Lightning on a string!

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As I've been told,
Each Herald would his trumpet blow,
Can we, then, say
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"Sweet are the Uses," etc.

When the Panic came, in '57, we thought it A Loss, but now in '60, it turns up A-Gain!

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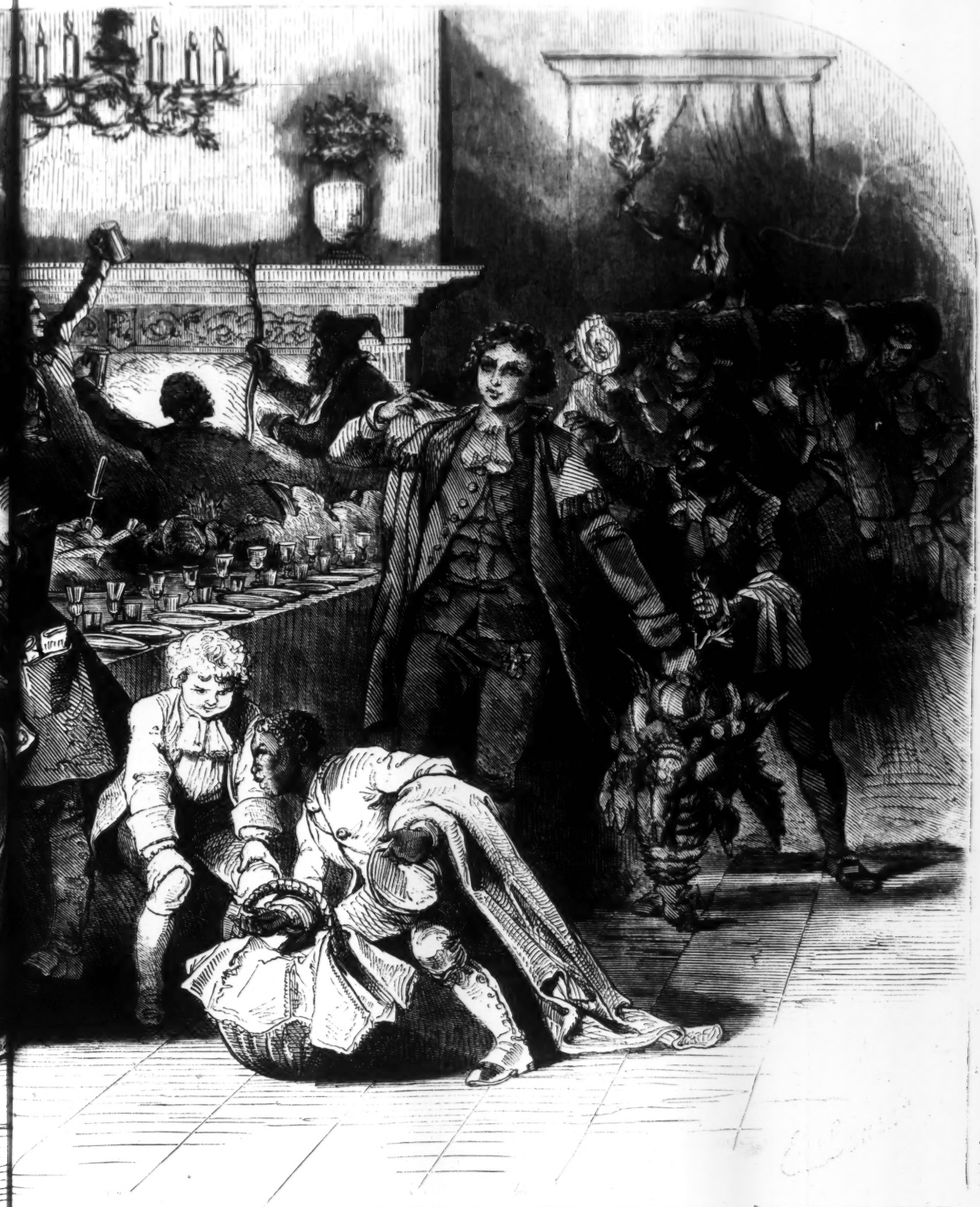
CHRISTMAS AMONG THE CAVALIER T



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A CHARACTERISTIC TRAIT.

THIS EPICUREAN AND PRACTICAL SWELL, FINDING THE WAITERS VERY INATTENTIVE AT EVENING PARTIES, INVENTS A PORTABLE TRAY, ADAPTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF PERPENDICULAR FESTIVITY.

What we Know about Centres (and what we Don't.)

We know that the New York *Observer* is the centre of Levity, that the *Sun* is the centre of Gravity, that the *Herald* is the centre of Depravity, the *Tribune* the centre of Sobriety; *Home Journal* of Society; but where in the *World* the centre of Piety is, we don't know.

P. S.—We have the VANITY to consider our journal a FAIR specimen of the centre of attraction, and if it were not for fear of having a lie-bill to pay in these tight times, we would *Express* our convictions as to the locality of the centre of Detraction.

Historical Parallel.

X. says he doesn't believe that the Border-troubles in Kansas are a circumstance to the Boarder-troubles in his own house . . . especially in the starvation way!

Ups and Downs

Since the reign of Pope PIUS IX. has experienced so many elevations and depressions, it has been suggested the Holy See should be called the Holy See-saw!

That Message.

Many essays have been written on Political Economy, but J. B.'s last effort was an essay on Political Extravagance.

A Very Bad Con.

When is a Wide-Awake like a Poultry Dealer?

When he has a Cap(e)-on!

Spirit of the South.

Cotton-Gin.

THE BROWN STONE "WHAT IS IT?" AGAIN.

Mr. Editor:—

SIR:—I am a member of the Noble Seventh! The Seventh Regiment, Sir! I come to you in an hour of sorrow, or, as I might safely say, in a week or even a fortnight of sorrow. I know you are Our Friend, consequently I solicit your aid and consolation.

We are just getting comfortably settled in our new and splendid quarters (nothing done by halves there I can assure you), and are about to prepare for an immense jubilation thereupon, when, Alas! —Well, you will say, why alas? Does the roof leak badly enough to drown us all? Or has it fallen in and crushed our Braves? Has our Mighty Maj. Gen. CHARLES W. resigned? (Alas! he has not, although You so kindly gave him *notice to quit* a few weeks ago) No, Sir, in none of these lies our Grief! our *Despair!!* our Horror!!!

Behold the Cause!!!

The Common Council of this City have directed that that Mass of Brown Stone which now stands before the City Hall, and which is supposed by some ignorant people to represent a Man, shall be placed in the triangular Garden-Patch *in front of our Armory!* Imagine our Rage! Fancy our Disgust!!

What *have* we done to deserve such a fate? Didn't we generously allow that Person WOOD to enter the building for the purpose of delivering it officially to us? Why, Sir, we even cheered him, as Mayor, upon that occasion. And will he in return for our politeness allow this Calamity to fall upon us?

Sir, we are Men of Taste as well as Soldiers. Witness our Chapel, our Alhambra, our Council Chamber (to visit all of which you will, in a short time, be specially invited by a select committee.) Must we have all our finer feelings crushed, withered, pulverised by having that Geological What Is It continually before our eyes! Sir, we cannot stand it! We would be recreant to our sense of Right and Justice and Discipline if we did not in the name of Decency make a very extensive and forcible objection to this act of wanton cruelty.

The city does not raise corn in that "Park," neither are we Crows; consequently, of course, no Scarecrow is needed in that locality.

Mr. Editor, it's perfectly evident that the Common Council are entirely unaware of the height, the breadth, the depth, the solidity, the continuity, the unanimity and the immensity in general of the DAMN! that will be elevated around, upon, at, over and concerning That Thing, if in defiance of all taste and propriety, it is set maliciously under our noses. There'll be a Riot! A large Riot!! A perfectly irrepressible Riot!!! I tremble at the thought! And I beg you distinctly to understand that it is from suppressed rage that I tremble, and *not* from any other emotion.

Sir, we cannot, we do not object to a statue of some kind being placed in the spot referred to, but let it represent to the life, say BOOLE, of BRADY, or even The GERARD. We would compel ourselves to endure even that for at least a reasonable period, but let the C. C. carry out their resolution, and, sir, we will not hold ourselves responsible for the result. No means, I assure you, sir, on my word of Honor as a Gentleman and a Soldier, would be left untried to rid ourselves of such a monstrous outrage.

Yours Indignantly,
PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA.

Epigram by our Talmudist Contributor.

Of all the versions made to suit
The tale of the forbidden fruit,
The Rabbins' gloss upon the text,
Most sagely guesses how the sex
Was tempted to the fatal fall
That wrought our mortal evil:
For EVE was woman young and fair,
No man beside her spouse was there,
And rather than not to flirt at all,
She flirted with the Devil!

The Sublime and the Ridiculous.

Old Father Christmas trying to get upstairs on Parlor Skates.

Good for a Spar.

Box-wood.

JOHN HARDY'S

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

(Concluded.)

WHEN I was a young man, a very young man, the reader will conclude, after hearing the confession I am about to make, I thought myself the most unhappy of mortals. I was in trouble at the time—I forget now what it was, love, or debt, or something of the sort, and I flattered myself it was killing me. It was my first thought when I woke in the morning, my last thought when I slept at night. I brooded over it all day long. If I caught myself in the act of forgetting it, as I sometimes did, I burned it into my memory afresh. It tortured me to remember it, but it tortured me still more to forget it. I hugged my misery to my heart like the most precious thing in the world, and was never so happy as when miserable. Misery was my happiness. I used to stare at my face in the glass, enamored of my sunken eyes and haggard cheeks, and when I walked the streets I mentally compared myself with the crowd around me. I pitied them for their rosy looks, their springy steps, their thoughtless happiness. "When you suffer like me you will be men," I exclaimed, "but now"—I shrugged my shoulders and strode on, wrapping my conceit around me like a cloak, and chanting *De Profundis*.

You see how young and foolish I was. I am older now, and, I trust, wiser. At any rate I am wise enough to know, what I did not then, that sorrow is the heritage of no one man, but the common portion of all. There are skeletons in all closets, tragedies in all lives. There is our friend JOHN HARDY—we might hunt the whole city through and not find a more ordinary man. Adventures he has had none; a romantic thought has never visited him: his days have flowed on as calmly as the water in a Dutch canal. An even-tempered, right-minded, commonplace person. Yet there is a skeleton in his closet, a tragedy in his life.

You shall hear about it.

I gave you a sketch of his early days, beginning at his father's death, and coming down to the Christmas Eve of which am telling you. I should have done more, and would, had I not feared that a longer prologue would have put you out of conceit with my little drama; but since one act of it is over, and you have been polite enough to sit it out, (*Merci, Messieurs!*) I venture to repair the omission.

[Gentlemen of the Orchestra, you will oblige me by laying aside your violins. We shall not need your services till the tag, when you will come in with—a dirge, or a dance, as the actors may require. In the meantime you had better look over the score.]

When JOHN HARDY moved to New York after his father's death, the family, as I believe I have mentioned, consisted of himself, his mother, and his sister KATE. JOHN was twenty at the time, his mother fifty, (she was an old maid when his father married her) and KATE about the age of Master PHILIP. You know the circumstances of the family, and can guess the child's life. She had a few toys which she made the most of, a little basket of patchwork, a puny kitten with sore eyes, and the history of Cinderella. She went to school when her mother was well, carrying her slate and books in a green satchel, and her dinner of apple-pie in a tin box. After school was out she learned her lessons at home, sitting by the window with her geography and atlas, till dusk; and on the Saturday afternoons, (the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday were holidays then,) she learned a chapter in the Bible. She went to Sunday-school twice every Sunday, and to church as often, and fell asleep during the sermon, with wonderful regularity. She saw her brother but little—a few minutes, perhaps, before she went to bed—for the smaller the salary of a book-keeper, the later he stays at night—his work increasing as his wages decrease. He was kind to her, thoughtful of her wants and wishes, frequently making her little presents, ribbons, collars, and the like, but he was reserved and silent, as your New England man is apt to be at home. He loved her, without doubt, but seldom or never showed it acting rather like her guardian than her brother.

So five, ten years passed. At fifteen she was a woman. She was tall and beautiful, with dark hair, black eyes, and a ripe strong mouth. Her gait and carriage were superb. Something about her seemed to say, "Here is life, and strength, and passion—a glorious, dangerous creature." Her mother wondered at her beauty, which she truly declared did not run in the family, and was as proud of it as if it had been her own. Even JOHN saw it, mole as he was, and resolved, in his blind way, to favor it. He furnished their rooms in better style, hired a piano for KATE, engaged a music teacher—in short did all that so simple a man could think of, and so poor a man do. And she was grateful to him for it, or tried to be, though I fear she did not succeed, for gratitude is seldom the virtue of beautiful women like her.

By and by Mother died, the house was broken up, and JOHN and KATE went to board. The boarding-house was as fashionable as the means of JOHN would allow. It was kept by a young widow, (whose husband was alive and well in California,) a gay, young widow whose weakness was a splendid wardrobe and late suppers, which last came from the pockets of sundry rapid young gentlemen whom she had learned to manage skilfully. It had a suite of parlors on the first floor, furnished without regard to expense, (*A la Mode Row* was a genteel place, let me tell you,) with Wilton carpets, brocatelle divans, rosewood chairs, damask curtains, Sevres vases, and a harp! They saw less of each other than ever, JOHN and KATE, for, in addition to his late hours, JOHN had fallen in love, which led him to retire into himself, while KATE was always in the parlor of an evening. She was a fine musician, ("vocal and instrumental," JOHN said, when he mentioned the fact) and was greatly in request among the gentlemen who frequented the Widow's. They were struck with her beauty, and wit, paid her elegant compliments, and made her costly presents, which JOHN forced her to return, noodle that he was! Her life was a whirl of pleasure, the Opera, the Theatre, Balls, calls on her lady acquaintances, parlor visits from their brothers, and occasionally a perfumed note, marked "*Private.*" Poor fly! you are buzzing around the flame! So is JOHN, too, great beetle that he is, and ere long his wings are scorched, and down he falls. The flame in his case was a certain ELIZABETH BRADLEY, the daughter of a well-to-do cartman, who rode for BLIGH Brothers, and nothing would answer JOHN but that she should belong to him for life. So he married her one day, and took her to a house which he had hired—a neat little house, of which she was henceforth the Light.

KATE would have preferred to remain at the Widow's, but as JOHN did not feel rich enough to pay her board there, ("was not able," he said, "to keep up two establishments,") she went with him to his new home. The Widow pressed her to remain gratis, for she was aware of her value as a parlor ornament, (it was not put on that ground, oh, dear no! She wanted A Companion, A Friend, A Soul In Unison With Her Own!) but KATE was too independent and wise to stay on such terms. She had a hankering for Society it is true, but she knew that she could pay too much for it. She had paid too much already, poor child!

Regrets were exchanged between her and her summer friends, who promised to call upon her and the newly married couple, but failed to do so, greatly to her disappointment and chagrin. She led a dull life in her new home. She liked her sister-in-law for her simple, winning ways, but pitied her for her devotion to household matters. She was not interested in the prices of pork and tea, the rise and fall of flour and molasses; the fluctuations of the market were nothing to her. She killed the time with crotchet-work or embroidery, wasting her days in idleness, her nights in

unsatisfied longings. She crouched by the window after tea, and stared moodily into the street, while JOHN and LIZZY sat by the fire wrapt up in each other, as is the way of all young married people. "I used to sit at the piano now," she thought, unconsciously beating a tattoo on the pane, "and float my soul to heaven on the full rich tide of music." She heard her old melodies, *Casta Diva* and *Robert toi que J'aime*, and the storm of applause which they never failed to elicit at the Widow's. She saw the Widow's parlors, the glittering chandeliers, the merry groups on the sofas, even the mulatto boy who carried round the cake and wine! It was so different from JOHN's little room! How could he and LIZZY sit by the fire so contentedly, watching the blaze in silence, or talking in low tones, of breakfast, perhaps, or something else equally unromantic! She despised them for their humdrum ways, she hated them for their want of sympathy. Sometimes JOHN asked her to sing, not the passionate Italian music which she loved, but some homely old English ballad, unsuited to her taste and voice. She contemptuously complied, accompanying herself on a guitar which he had purchased for her, but so badly that even his untutored ear detected her discords. Weary of this amusement, (torture rather,) she picked up a book and tried to read. JOHN's library was not a brilliant one, though it could boast a Paradise Lost and the Proverbial Philosophy—"excellent works, both," in JOHN's opinion, but not such as KATE wanted. So she took to reading novels, which she procured from a Circulating Library in the neighborhood, beginning with JAMES and his solitary horseman, and ending with BALZAC and GEORGE SAND. I might say something here of the pernicious effects of Fiction on the minds of the young, but as I am not writing for THE SOLEMN SHAM, (are you a subscriber to that pious journal?) it is not necessary; besides, I may write a novel myself some day, and shouldn't like to be flogged for it with my own whip! I like GEORGE SAND, and BALZAC, and JAMES, the last on a rainy day at a temperance tavern in the country,) but there are times when they should not be read, when no novelist should be read—dark and dangerous times, when the sense and soul are sick. God help us if they fall into our hands then, as they did into KATE HARDY's!

There is a beautiful line in TUPPER, I am told by his admirers, (I have never read his book, myself,) a beautiful touching line about a babe being a well spring in a house. If this be so, JOHN HARDY had now a supply of water! It came in the shape of a bouncing boy, who in due time was cherished PHILIP, after one of LIZZY's uncles. He broke up the old order of things in the HARDY household, and taught its inmates a lesson which it is well for all to learn. In making JOHN a father and LIZZY a mother, (father and mother—divine words! as much above husband and wife, as heaven is above earth!) he filled their souls with a deeper and holier love, and even purified for a time the stormy nature of his passionate, wretched aunt. She pressed him to her heart in his swaddling clothes, hushed him when he cried, sat by him when he slept, in short watched and tended him, night and day. JOHN was delighted with her devotion, and LIZZY, too, though she was a little jealous of her, as what young mother would not have been in her place? How pretty she looked, the little mother, as she lay in her bed, pale, languid, but smiling, a very April of a woman, raining and shining together! And when she sat up in the large arm-chair, wrapped in her figured dressing-gown, the baby asleep on her lap, I—don't wonder she reminded JOHN of some old picture of the Virgin!

Some natures are easily modified. A new turn of events awakens a new strength, or weakness, which for a time overpowers the old. Cowardice is shamed into bravery, and bravery shocked into cowardice: curses break from praying lips, and prayers melt from cursing ones: CROESUS and ELWES change places, the one hoarding gold, the other sowing broadcast—but only for a time. The torrent seems to drown the river which it floods with its wild, white foam, but its waters emerge a little way on, and keep their accustomed flow, winding through bloom, or blight, until they are lost in the sea. So it was with KATE HARDY, when the novelty of the baby wore off, for she went back to her old self, and was more idle and moody than before. She was like the man in the Scripture, from whom a devil had been cast, but into whom entered seven other devils, each worse than the last. Had she looked into her heart and seen it as it was, she might have exclaimed with FERDINAND in "The Tempest":

> "Hell is empty,
> And all the devils are here!"

One night about this time JOHN brought home a stranger to tea. He was a handsome-looking young fellow of twenty-five, with thick, sandy hair, a pale, gray eye, and, what was then a courageous innovation, a massive moustache. His complexion was clear and ruddy, and his teeth, which he showed when he laughed, were large, and white, and wide apart. He had a frank, off-hand way with him, which made every one feel at ease. You felt that there was much good in him, but feared there was some evil, not inherent, perhaps, or deeply rooted, but nevertheless there—a graft from the tree of knowledge. He was a salesman in a store down town, next door to BLIGH Brothers, I believe, and his name was FRANK BLAIR.

The good-breeding, lively conversation, and *bonhommie* of his presence were not lost upon KATE, for she soon began to brighten up, and say smart things. After tea JOHN asked her to sing, and she consented gladly, feeling sure of an appreciative listener. She sang "Home, Sweet Home," for JOHN, till the tears came to his eyes, ("there was no place like home," for him,) and *Casta Diva*, which he said was beautiful, though he didn't somehow feel it—a doubtful compliment, which was immediately atoned for by the commendation of MR. BLAIR, who declared she reminded him of GRISI. The evening passed so pleasantly that eleven o'clock came before they were aware. MR. BLAIR was invited to come again; "whenever you feel like it," JOHN said, and "soon," added KATE and LIZZY, the last stifling a yawn, for which she was good-naturedly scolded by KATE, when the gentleman had bowed himself out. They sat by the fire awhile after he was gone, and talked about him, and the nice evening they had had, and went to bed in the best of humor. At least KATE did, for his visit had been as inspiriting to her as a glass of sparkling champagne.

MR. BLAIR came again a few evenings after, and again the following night, when KATE went with him to the Opera. It was not long before he became a regular visitor, ("a welcome and expected guest," JOHN said, while his wife nodded her golden head in acquiescence,) gliding into the family as one of themselves. He took KATE to the Opera, and the Theatre, and occasionally to Church—a place of amusement to which he was not partial, though he was too well-bred to say so. He spent several evenings in the week at the house, often with KATE alone, for JOHN and LIZZY soon perceived that their company could be spared, and made little errands out, or went to bed while their suppers were undergoing digestion.

Six months, a year passed, and KATE seemed happy. Then there came a sudden and surprising change. JOHN rose early one autumn morning to get his breakfast, and going into the parlour for something, found his sister sitting where he had left her the previous night, and staring into the fire, or rather the ashes, for the fire had burned out hours before. She sat bolt upright, with a fixed glare in her eyes, and a strange expression on her face. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. He touched her, but she did not stir; her hand was icy cold. He was alarmed, and shouted for his wife. The noise that he made roused his sister, who turned and looked at him strangely. "What is the matter, KATHARINE?" he asked. "I have fallen," she murmured, "fallen asleep by the fire." She started to her feet, and began walking up and down the room rapidly. "It will restore the circulation," he said to himself; and then aloud, "I will go and make a fire directly." She clenched her hand, when his back was turned, gnashed her teeth, and with a mighty effort, smiled. It was a terrible smile, bitter, defiant, but painful as death. She took her place at the breakfast-table as if nothing had happened. She rattled away, and laughed, and seemed as happy as could be. A keen observer would have seen that her talk was forced, and her laugh hollow, and mocking. Not so JOHN and LIZZY, who were delighted with her flow of spirits.

Three or four months from that morning a singular conversation occurred between JOHN HARDY and his wife. It was night at the time, and they were both in bed.

"JOHN," began the little woman, in a very grave voice, "something has happened, and you must know it. KATHARINE has fallen!"

He groaned as if a dagger had been thrust into his heart.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and started up in his bed.

What else was said that night I know not, but whatever it was, it was not calculated to bring sleep to the eyes of the outraged brother. He groaned and tossed till morning, when he arose, haggard, but stern. He went to his sister's room, and, waking her from a sound sleep, charged her with her shame. She neither denied it, nor admitted it, but turned upon him boldly, savagely, like a tigress at bay. He told her what he had done for her since she was a child, (which was not generous on his part, nor wise,) and said she must leave the house. He would not have his hearth darkened by her shadow; his wife should no longer be polluted by her presence. She should have all the furniture that was her mother's, and he would pay her board, and support her, until—what was coming choked him, and he stamped his feet furiously. "Forgive me, brother," she tried to say at one time, the wild light in her eyes softning, but he interrupted her with a hard, stern, inflexible "Never." "So be it," she answered coldly, and bade him leave the room while she dressed. She did not take her seat at breakfast, though LIZZY went to her room several times, and returned in tears.

"Oh, husband, she is going."

"Never to return," he replied solemnly, "never, never."

In a few minutes KATE appeared in the breakfast-room, with her bonnet and shawl on

"Farewell, brother."

He did not answer.

"Good by, LIZZY, and God bless you."

The poor woman laid her head on the table, and sobbed aloud.

"By, by, PHILLY," and she stooped and kissed the boy, who returned the kiss, and stared at his father, wondering what it could mean.

She turned leisurely, walked to the front door, and, opening it softly, departed—never to return!

This was the skeleton in JOHN HARDY'S closet, the tragedy in his life.

Do you wonder that he was troubled when his wife told him that she had seen his sister that day? He would have been more or less than man had he not been troubled. He was inexpressibly shocked. Three years had passed since the blow had fallen, and though it was never forgotten, he had ceased to remember it with pain. The wound had closed, and was already healing, when it was torn open again, suddenly, cruelly, strangely! He pressed his hands to his temples, while his bosom labored with a deep-drawn sigh. Then he trotted his foot, and wrung his fingers until the joints cracked. His eye wandered to the portrait of his mother, and a spirit seemed to pass into it, and watch him through the mask of the dead woman's face—a pitying, solemn spirit, that sat in judgment upon him.

The figure vanished from the window, the night-latch was turned in the street door, and an instant after a woman stole into the room. It was KATE HARDY. She walked straight up to her brother, and extended her hand. He made a movement as if to take it, but sullenly drew back. She sauntered to the fire, and throwing off her shawl, which was whitened with snow, leaned her elbow on the mantel, and stared at him. It was a striking picture—JOHN sitting uneasily in his chair, with his lips compressed, and KATE standing grimly before him, twisting the string of her bonnet. She was as handsome as ever, with the same full lips, and brave, black eyes, though the expression of both was changed, it was difficult to say in what. She was dressed in black silk, a half-mourning dress, with fashionable flounces; the chain of a watch or locket hung in her belt, and her fingers were loaded with rings.

"Well JOHN," she began at last, "since you won't speak, I will. It is three years now since you turned me out of doors."

He was so agitated he knew not what he was saying, or he would not have asked her, as he did, where she had been all that time.

"Where should I be?" she asked bitterly. "There is but one place for the like of me."

"Not there," and he hesitated.

"On the town—out with it—where else could I be?"

True enough, where else could she be? It was not the first time that the thought had occurred to JOHN, (indeed, he seldom had any other when KATE was in his mind,) but it never came home to him as it did then.

She watched him narrowly, with a curious, melancholy smile.

Nothing was heard for a few minutes but the stroke of the church bell, vibrating on the air.

The mind of JOHN HARDY would have been a singular study for a dramatist. He was holding a court of justice in it, and trying the case of "HARDY, versus HARDY," the plaintiff and judge being one. Judge HARDY exercised his ingenuity to excuse the plaintiff, (himself,) and to criminate the defendant, (his sister,) and if he did not entirely succeed in the first, persuaded himself that he did in the last, for his Honor delivered himself of the following: To wit, namely,

"But you could have worked."

His Honor forgot that there are certain classes of criminals of whom the world is shy. The cropped hair of the prison bird is a doubtful passport to reform; also the brand of the galley slave, and the scarlet letter of the harlot!

"Work? Who would give me work? Who would open their doors, when the door of my home was shut? Who take me in when my own brother cast me out? It is not the way of the world."

True enough, his Honor thought and wondered why it had never occurred to him before.

Baffled by the remedy he had proposed, his Honor had suggested another, which is sometimes resorted to in these cases.

"Death is better than a life of shame!"

A shade of unutterable anguish passed over the face of the prisoner at the bar, who sighed and said:

"It is not too late yet."

Judge HARDY was shocked, not so much at the appalling truth of the answer, as at himself for having suggested it, and visions of sudden death flashed through his mind. A woman with a razor in her hand, and her throat cut, lying on the floor in a pool of blood. A woman stiff and stark on a bed, holding a vial labelled "Strychnine." (Did they sell it at the Apothecary's in Dean Place?) A woman on the pier at night, throwing herself into the black water with a dreadful shriek, upbuoyed a moment by her garments, then sinking sullenly, rising again in the death-struggle and drifting further out, past the black hulls of the ships, then sinking again, down, down—to be found a week later, miles away, on a barren beach, her long hair drifting on the brine like sea-weed, her face battered by the wheel of a ferry-boat—a sickly, ghastly, loathsome, horrible sight! He shuddered at the picture, and buried his face in his hands.

Who am I, he thought, that I should put on the black cap of the Judge? How dare I condemn her, when a greater than I, The Judge of All, hath said, "I condemn thee not. Go, and sin no more"?

Judge HARDY left the bench, and became plain JOHN HARDY again, a tender-hearted, but wretched and remorseful man. "God forgive me," he groaned, and the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Why did you come here," he faltered, "to reproach me? I deserve it, wretch that I am."

"No, JOHN, not to reproach you, but to ask your forgiveness. I sat at home this morning, brooding over the past, and you came into my mind, as you had not since that dreadful morning. I remembered that to-night would be Christmas Eve, and I said, 'I will go and see JOHN. We used to meet on Christmas Eve when mother was alive, and forgive each other all the faults we had committed through the year. Perhaps JOHN will forgive me *my* fault, for mother's sake, if not for my own. At least for His, who was born to-night. Won't you forgive me, brother?"

He opened his arms. She fell on her knees, and was folded to his heart.

The dull vibration of the bell had ceased, and the air was still; nothing was heard but the click of the snow on the whitening panes.

JOHN unlocked his arms at last, with a heavy sigh, and his sister rose with a wet, but smiling face. She drew up a chair and sat beside him, giving him her hand, which he caressed. Moved by a common impulse, they gazed upon the portrait of their mother, which looked down benignantly upon them. The spirit in the portrait smiled.

John was the first to speak.

"I will ask you to forgive me, KATHARINE, when I have forgiven myself, if I ever can. I fear God never will. How could I judge you as I did, so harshly, inhumanly, brutally? How could I forget that you were my sister, my dear, dead mother's child? Mother placed you in my charge on her death-bed—"*Watch over Kate,*

my son,"—and how did I obey her? I neglected you. I have seen it since—and perilled your soul's salvation. I was the oldest—I feel very old at times, KATHARINE, and I should have guarded and guided you. I didn't know much, I own, not near as much as you, but I knew some things that you did not, men always do, and I should have taught them to you. I should not have been so reserved as I was, but should have opened my heart to you, and made you open yours to me. You would, would you not? But I have been punished, bitterly, bitterly! I have not had a happy day since you left me! Why did you leave me? Why did n't you come back? I would have forgiven you, my darling! Oh, if you could know how I searched for you! I never walked home a night that I did n't stare into the faces of the poor, lost souls on Broadway in the hope of seeing yours! And I went—I'm ha' ashamed to tell you, LIZZY doesn't know it—but I went to all the places where fallen women live,—me, the father of a family, the husband of the best woman alive! But it was for you, and you will forgive me!"

There was not much doubt of that, I think.

"But all is well now," he went on. "The Lost Sheep is returned, and all is well. You will come and live with us again, and everything will be as it was, only better, for we are both wiser than we were, are we not, sister? I am not very rich just now, but we shall get on famously, for all that. You will come, won't you?" A thought seemed to strike him here, and he diverged for a moment. "Where is it? why didn't you bring it with you?"

"'Tis dead, JOHN."

She fumbled in her belt, and unfastening something from the gold chain, handed it to him. It was a locket of hair, child's hair, fine, silky, golden!

"Poor thing," he murmured, gazing upon it tenderly,

"You must come at once, KATHARINE. Nay, you must stay now. You shall never leave us again."

"I must, JOHN."

"Must? I do not understand you. It can not be that you love the life you lead."

"I fear I do, brother."

"Sister," he said solemnly, "I adjure you by the memory of our mother—"

What else he would have said was lost, for at that moment there came a knock at the outer door, a thundering knock on the nose of the lion, accompanied by the stamping of a pair of impatient feet.

KATE sprang up, and, running into the entry, returned with a man and a basket. Upon the former was a slouched hat, the brim of which was covered with snow, a pilot-cloth overcoat, buttoned up tight to the chin, with a sheet of snow on the breast, muddy, gray trowsers, and thick, stout boots, which left a white print on the carpet. In the latter, (not the boots, but the basket, see the beginning of the paragraph) was a Christmas turkey, a royal fellow, which must have cost—but I really forget the price of turkeys then.

"He here?" said JOHN, referring to the bird, of course.

"Why not, brother?" his sister answered, unbuttoning the great white overcoat, "he is my husband."

"Has he forgiven you, Posy?"

"Yes, FRANK."

"Then he must forgive me, too. JOHN HARDY—brother JOHN, if you will let me call you so—I have wronged you and yours deeply, and I have nothing to say for myself, except that I have repented, and made what reparation I could, a poor one, I know, ("FRANK!" whispered his wife, tenderly,) but still the best in my power. Your sister, my wife, has forgiven me—God bless her—will not you do the same, brother JOHN?"

Brother John came up to the mark like a man, and shook him heartily by the hand.

"Thank you, John," said KATE, quitting her husband, who was brushing the ice from his moustache, and giving her brother a kiss, for the first time since she was a child.

But now the door of the Hospital up stairs was heard to close, a light pair of feet stole down the stairs, wafting their owner, the Princess with the Golden Locks, into the palatial chamber, which she had left a short time before. She entered clothed with smiles, the happiest little lady in the city that night, I warrant. Of course she kissed KATE, and FRANK, and JOHN, particularly JOHN, over and over again.

"Dear, dear," she chirped, when the loving contest was over, and they were sitting together, "if the blower hasn't been up all the while! JOHN, JOHN, I shall never make anything of you, never!" While she was pretending to cuff his ears, KATE removed the offending utensil, freeing the light and heat which it had imprisoned behind it. The fire flashed in their faces redly, and drew a circumvallion of light around the grate. They pushed their chairs back, and enjoyed the cheerful heat. LIZZY and KATE chatted in low tones, JOHN smoothed his chin meditatively, and FRANK plunged his hand into his pocket. Suddenly he started and drew out a small parcel.

"I had nearly forgotten something," he said, and passed the parcel to LIZZY.

She took it demurely, and handed it to her husband, telling him it was his Christmas.

He undid the paper in which it was wrapped, and discovered—his watch!

Nothing was said, but the three conspirators chuckled. JOHN, poor fellow, turned as red as a beet.

"ELIZABETH, where did this come from?"

"I gave you the coal ticket to sign this afternoon, and you made a mistake and returned me the other."

"Oh, there is something else," cried FRANK, fishing another parcel from his pocket, and handing it to JOHN. "It is LIZZY's Christmas."

The detected criminal opened the second parcel, and found therein a small gold cross belonging to his wife! It was her turn to blush now.

"How did you come by it, FRANK?"

"LIZZY gave it to KATE, to give me, to get your watch for you. Don't you see?"

To be sure he saw, the happy fellow!

A third parcel was dragged from the inexhaustible pocket, and on being opened it was found to contain a silver cup, marked "PHILIP." As there was no reasonable doubt for whom it was intended, it was squeezed into one of the little stockings on the foot of the crib. The parcel on the mantel was likewise opened, and its contents—a tin trumpet, a wooden pail, and a number of miniature barber's poles, smelling strongly of peppermint, inserted in its fellow, but so unskillfully, so clumsily in fact, (I need not name the operator on this occasion,) that the occupant of the crib awoke, and came near detecting his father in the act of impersonating Santa Claus! Up popped his purple head, his great eyes opened wide, and spying his well-filled stockings, he was out of bed and rifling them in an instant.

"Look here," and he strutted up to his father with the trumpet in one hand, and the candy in the other, "what do you say now, sir? Santa Claus has been here!"

"A better than Santa Claus," said JOHN HARDY, devoutly, casting his eyes to heaven.

A deep silence pervaded the room, a holy awe, befitting the thought and time. They bowed their heads and communed with their souls, harkening the while to the prayer of the rector in the little church at the end of the court. It was wafted out into the night solemnly—a river of thanks and praise. When it ceased the organ commenced, and a sea of music rose, a grand and solemn sea of harmonious sound, freighted with the voices of the choir, and floating from earth to heaven! Harken!

"It will come, the happy day,
(It is coming fast,)
When the love of Christ shall reign,
And man's hate be past:
No more wars or tumults then—
Peace on earth, good will to men!"

"Amen," said JOHN HARDY, at peace with himself, and the world, that happy Christmas Eve.

According to Law.

GEORGE LAW, who runs the Williamsburg ferry-boats, seems to be a very oppressive LAW. His monopoly of the line enables him to do what he pleases, and he does it—his last freak being to "douse the glims" on board all his old scows after a certain hour at night. Thus, the poor souls condemned to be paddled across by this Charon in the mid hour of the night are taught to know that LAW's ferry-boats are not Lighters. The Romans of old acknowledged that *Necessitas non habet Legem*. How good it would be for the dwellers at Williamsburg, if the Necessity that drives them to pass over there at all hours of the night knew no LAW, but had a liberal, whole-souled ferryman to deal with, whose boat could be furnished with other Dips than those that passengers are likely to Fall in with at present, as they stumble off and on the G. L. scows in the dark!

A Golden Rule.

Amatory poets have a way of exalting the marketable value of red hair by describing it as "golden tresses."

The only analogy we can see between hair of the color in question and gold is the standard—Carats being applicable to both.

A Howlin' Wilderness.

The Barcan Desert.

NOT ONLY WATER-PROOF, BUT BALL-PROOF.

Observant Boy.—"HERE'S A PLEECEMAN ASLEEP!—LET'S PLAY OUT A MATCH OF BALL AGAIN HIS INJY RUBBER GABLE!"

Question of Usage.

During the trial of an important mercantile case, as reported in the local paper of the period, we find that CICERO, who had been quoting authorities rather tediously for an hour or two, suddenly laid upon the table his Abbott on Shipping, and (prophetically imitating the look and manner of CHOATE, somewhat later) astounded the Court and Jury by the utterance of the words: "*Legi, morique parendum est;* the Laws and Customs must be enforced." (Our translation, not CICERO'S.) This, we think, marks out the policy for J. B. to pursue under the secession troubles. It is evident that the *customs* must be collected. In other words, the South Carolina question is narrowed down to this simple alternative—either the Government must take the Dues, or else the Duece must take the Government.

The "Lap of Luxury."

The following item taken from an exchange paper, will be interesting to admirers of that noble animal the Dog:

"A lap-dog, of the King CHARLES species, was sold at auction in London, not long ago, for $2,600.

To account for the immense price fetched by that lap-dog, we suppose it must have been taught to Fetch at a very early age, and that it was purchased specially for the large place of repose designated in our head-line.

The Pons Asinorum for New Aspirants to the Championship of the World.

Staley Bridge.

Motto for a Crockery Dealer.

Ewers &c.

THE REVELATIONS OF ZULOWSKI.

"I'm in every land at home,
I'm in every home content,
If I Northward chance to roam,
If my course be Southwardebent,
Happy when alone afar,
Ubi bene iti patria."

I have been much amused frequently, at the stupid blunders the Americans, particularly the ladies, made regarding my ability to keep a secret. I stated this to one of my female friends in Boston, adding that the great CATHERINE of Russia once said of me—"If ZULOWSKI was only at present in my dominions I would select him as my lover to the end of life—ZULOWSKI can keep a secret!" On this account, although I was at that precise period unborn, I have always regarded the Empress with a feeling that approached respect. We differed slightly—particularly regarding the strangling of ALEXIS KATORICHASSOFF—but the Americans have probably remarked that I only speak of her in terms of mitigated and gentle censure.

Sixty years ago next February, when CZAR PAUL was knocked in the head and strangled by a party of drunken revellers, so that ALEXANDER reigned in his stead, if my advice could have been taken the bloody scene that followed (the fighting among the soldiery) would have been prevented. ALEXANDER himself said as much to me over a game of chess. I won the game, hence my hasty departure from Russia.

I am not easily shocked at small improprieties of conduct in America, because I am constantly expectiug so much grosser ones. I must say, however, that the following incident which occurred at the residence of one of the local butchers of Cambridge, surprised me much. The occasion was the First of April, ("All Fool's Day," I think it is called,) and I was making a call of ceremony upon the wife of the retailer of meat. Her little daughter, possibly nine years of age, ran suddenly to the window crying out, "Oh, mother, mother, here comes pa with his eye out!" The lady sprang to the window, when the child added with a shriek of laughter, "*Out of doors*! Oh! ain't you an April fool!" Such an incident could not have occurred in Europe.

I was the originator of the theory of "natural selection," which DARWIN has so boldly put forth of late, that I am surprised to find he is English and not American. I published an elaborate treatise upon the subject, seventy years ago, in the Polynesian tongue, with notes in Arabic. I have been unable to find it in any of the poorly furnished libraries of America.

Mr. LONGFELLOW, the rhymer, met me one day in the streets of Cambridge, during the presence of KOSSUTH in this country. "My dear Count," said he, "come and dine with me to-day; you will meet the Great Magyar." "Excuse me," said I, "you mean the Little Magyar!" "Every man, my dear Count," replied LONGFELLOW, "cannot be a ZULOWSKI!" Nothing more delicately complimentary, and at the same time, more just, was ever said to me in America.

Some little time after my arrival in this country, a proposition was made to me by a gentleman who possessed great political influence—as he is dead I can safely say that I allude to DANIEL WEBSTER—to the effect that under certain conditions a position could be made for me which would give me entire general charge of the military education of the cadets at West Point, and of the naval course at Annapolis. I declined the offer, feeling that in a country where the army was naught, and the navy less, it would be below my merits and qualifications.

ZULOWSKI.

A Fallacy Exposed.

Among the popular aphorisms that people blindly trust in, because they have been blindly trusted in by other blinkers before them, is the old one running, "'Tis a bad rule that won't work both ways.' Now to show how incapable this riddle is of holding water, we will just propound the axiom, "The Crow flies"—which nobody can deny, deny, etc. But take the converse of that, and assert that "The Fly Crows," and you become at once the scorn of the entomologist and the despised of all just men.

A Hair of the Dog that Bites.

The Hair Trigger.

Peter Stuyvesant's NEW YEAR'S CALL.

1. Jan. A. C. 1661.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Where nowadays the Battery lies,
New York had just begun,
A new-born babe, to rub its eyes,
In Sixteen Sixty-One.
They christened it Nieuw Amsterdam,
Those burghers grave and stately,
And so, with schnapps and smoke and calm,
Lived out their lives sedately.

Two windmills topped their wooden wall,
On Stadthuys gazing down—
On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all
The quaintly-gabled town;
These flapped their wings and shifted locks,
As ancient scrolls determine,
To scare the savage Hackensacks,
Raumanks, and other vermin.

At night the loyal settlers lay
Betwixt their feather-beds;
In hose and breeches walked by day,
And smoked, and wagged their heads;
No changeful fashions came from France,
The vrouwleins to bewilder;
No broad-brimmed burgher spent for pants
His every other guilder.

In petticoats of linsey-red,
And jackets neatly kept,
The vrouws their knitting-needles sped
And deftly span and swept;
Few modern-school flirtations there
Set wheels of scandal trundling,
But youths and maidens did their share
Of staid, old-fashioned bundling.

The New Year opened clear and cold:
The snow, a Flemish ell
In depth, lay over Beeckman's Wold
And Wolfert's frozen well;
Each burgher shook his kitchen doors,
Drew on his Holland leather,
Then stamped through drifts to do the chores,
Beshrewing all such weather.

But—after herring, ham and kraut—
To all the gathered town
The Dominie preached the morning out,
In Calvinistic gown;
While tough old PETER STUYVESANT
Sat pewed in foremost station:
The potent, sage, and valiant
Third Governor of the nation.

Prayer ended, at his mansion hall,
With cake and courtly smile,
He met the people, one and all,
In gubernatorial style;
Yet missed, though now the day was old,
An ancient fellow-feaster:
Heer GOVERT LOOCKERMANS, that bold
Brewer and burgomeester;

Who, in his farm-house, close without
The picket's eastern end,
Sat growling at the twinge of gout
That kept him from his friend.
But PETER strapped his wooden peg,
When tea and cake were over,
Encased the sound remaining leg
In top-boot of Córdova;

A woolsey cloak about him threw,
And swore, by wind and limb,
Since GOVERT kept from PETER's view,
PETER would visit him;
Then sallied forth, through snow and blast,
While many a humble greeter
Stood wondering whereaway so fast
Strode bluff HARDKOPPIG PIETER.

Past quay and cowpath, through a lane
Of vats and mounded tans,
He puffed along, with might and main,
To GOVERT LOOCKERMANS';
Once there, his right of entry took,
And hailed his ancient crony:
"Myn Gott! in dese Manhattoes, LOOCK,
Ve gets more snow as money!"

To which till after whiffs profound,
The other answered not;
At last there came responsive sound:
"Yah, PETER: yah! Myn Gott!"
Then goedevrouw MARIE sat her guest
Beneath the chimney-gable,
And courtesied, bustling at her best
To spread the New Year's table.

She brought the pure and genial schnapps,
That years before had come—
In the "Nieuw Nederlandts," perhaps—
To cheer the settlers' home;
The long-stemmed pipes; the fragrant roll
Of pressed and crispy Spanish;
Then placed the earthen mugs and bowl,
Nor long delayed to vanish.

Thereat, with cheery nod and wink,
And honors of the day,
The trader mixed the Governor's drink
As evening sped away.
That ancient room! I see it now:
The carven nutwood dresser;
The drawers, that many a burgher's vrouw
Begrudged their rich possessor;

(*Concluded on page 323.*)

BADGERING HIM.

J. G. B——TT.—Bow! Wow! Come out, Mr. Lincoln!

The brace of high-backed, leathern chairs,
Brass-nailed at every seam;
Six others, ranged in equal pairs;
The bacon hung abeam;
The chimney-front, with porcelain shelft;
The hearty wooden fire;
The picture, on the steaming delft,
Of DAVID and URIAH.

I see the two old Dutchmen sit
Like MAGOG and his mate,
And hear them, when their pipes are lit,
Discuss affairs of state:
The clique that would their sway demean;
The pestilent importation
Of wooden nutmegs, from the lean
And losel Yankee nation.

But when the subtle juniper
Assumed its sure command,
They drank the buxom loves that were—
They drank the Motherland;
They drank the famous Swedish wars,
Stout PETER'S special glory,
While GOVERT proudly showed the scars
Of Indian contests gory.

Ere long, the berry's power awoke
Some music in their brains,
And trumpet-like, through rolling smoke,
Rang long-forgotten strains:
Old Flemish snatches, full of blood,
Of phantom ships and battle;
And PETER, with his leg of wood,
Made floor and casement rattle.

Then round and round the dresser pranced,
The chairs began to wheel,
And on the board the punch-bowl danced
A Netherlandish reel;
Till midnight o'er the farmhouse spread
Her New-Year's skirts of sable,
And, inch by inch, each puzzled head
Dropt down upon the table.

But still to PETER, as he dreamed,
That table spread and turned;
The chimney-log blazed high, and seemed
To circle as it burned;
The town into the vision grew
From ending to beginning;
Fort, wall and windmill, met his view,
All widening and spinning.

The cowpaths, leading to the docks,
Grew broader, whirling past,
And chequered into shining blocks
A city fair and vast;
Stores, churches, mansions, overspread
The metamorphosed island,
While not a beaver showed his head
From Swamp to Kalchhook highland.

Eftsoons the picture passed away;
Hours after, PETER woke
To see a spectral streak of day
Gleam in through fading smoke;
Still slept old GOVERT, snoring on
In most melodious numbers;
No dreams of Eighteen Sixty-One
Commingled with his slumbers.

But PETER, from the farm-house door,
Gazed doubtfully around,
Rejoiced to find himself once more
On sure and solid ground.
The sky was somewhat dark ahead:
Wind East, and morning lowery;
But on he pushed—a two-miles' tread—
To breakfast at his BOUWERY.

Consolation in Affliction.

It is not true that after the 4th of March, 1861, our President in his fall will be totally deserted; his "Sonny" South will support him.

THE NEW YEAR.

HEERILY there! Hurrah! Christmas is here, and New Year is not far off—do you hear us, honest people? These be the Holidays! Right good luck be with you, honest reader. With you and your Dear ones—with your Sweetheart or Wife, your friends and kin. May you, all of you have a particularly grand old time of it.

The Old Year is gliding, sliding, riding out. R'r 'rip—snap!—how fast he clips it in that sled of his—right along into the Past! Whizz! He takes strange memories with him. The wildest, darkest, most wonderful and terrible year in our history of this century. He came in, soft as the softest of lambs—he storms out the grimmest lion-year—a year of fierce portents.

But we hope for better things. Never yet came a sorrow which was not a lesson of wisdom and happiness to those who understood it.

It may be that our Trial—our great and dark Ordeal—is only an iron gate to the land of light. It may be that the Old Year has been a loving one, teaching the kindest of lessons.

We hope it, at any rate. But come what may—this is Holiday week—and for the sake of the poor brothers and sisters, and of the children—whom VANITY FAIR loves dearly—let's have a jolly romp—a feast and a laugh. Go it! Be cheerful, gay, blithe, in high spirits, debonair, bright, light-hearted, easy, airy, canny, sprightly, jolly, sportive—what you will—but snatch a few hours from sorrow and give them to the good old holidays.

Oh, be glad and make the best of it, and all will come round right. If the whole world would only once keep Christmas as they ought, in love and revelry, they would forget how to quarrel again—and the great Plum Pudding Era would begin in earnest.

HIP, HIP, HURRAH! Once more! Again! Old Year, good-bye. The next shall be a jolly one. Reader—God bless you, and give you a right happy New Year!

December.

*AFTER HOOD'S NOVEMBER.

De cold—de snow—
De wood all wet, de fire no go—
De sleet—de rainy wedder—
De toes all bare,
No shoes to wear,
Dis nigger's heels dey freeze togedder.
De aches, de frozen feet—
De chill, de heat—
De rackin' pain in eb'ry member—
De shiverin' knees—
De cough, de—*tchee—ah-tchee*—de sneeze—
De-cember.

*Yes, and a long way after it, we should judge.—[EDS. V. F.

Mr. B., from Old England—having taken the girls up to Central Park, to show 'em how to skate—is rather surprised at finding himself left in the background by feminine fast New York.

THE KING OF MANHATTAN ISLAND.

AIR,—"*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

I.

A mighty man is our Mayor Wood;
He's done much harm and a little good;
But his dodges have never been understood
By the people of Manhattan Island:
And now his latest freak we see . . .
'Tis nothing more nor less than that he
A regular Autocrat shall be . . .
The King of Manhattan Island!
Hokee pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum,
A downy cove, but a thundering hum
Is the Mayor of Manhattan Island!

II.

Says he, "If South Carolina goes
Out of the Union, I propose
To lead the city by the nose . . .
This tight little Manhattan Island! . . .
I'll be the King, and many a tool
I'll find to follow me. . . . REED and BOOLE,
And BRADY, and TUOMEY . . ." O, he's no fool . . .
This Mayor of Manhattan Island!
Hokee pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum,
Plenty of money and plenty of rum
Will conquer Manhattan Island!

III.

The people greatly astonished were
To find that Mayor Wood should dare
To make a throne of the mayoral chair
Right here on Manhattan Island;
They whistled and stared, and hemmed and hawed . . .
Their calculations were all abroad,
And every one exclaimed "O, Lord!
This Mayor of Manhattan Island!"
Hokie pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum;
The citizens talk, but he keeps mum,
This King of Manhattan Island!

IV.

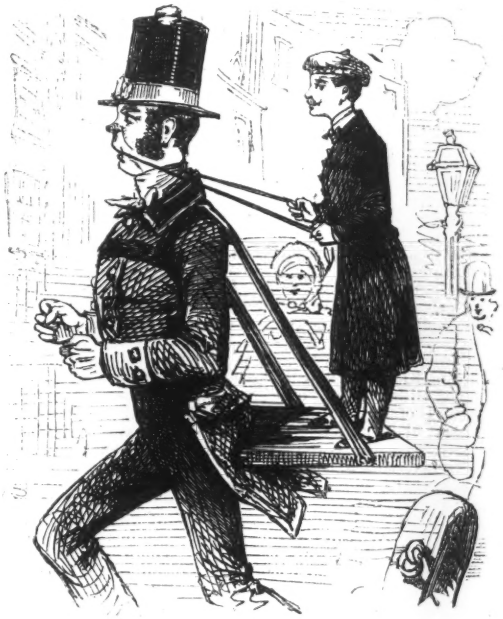
The wisest folks were quite struck dumb,
To think of being under his thumb,
Some looked jolly, and some looked glum,
Round about Manhattan Island;
But after all it wasn't so bad,
For sensible men are growing mad,
So much of Albany law we've had
To gully our Manhattan Island;
Hokee pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum
The oppression of Legislatorial scum
Won't do for Manhattan Island!

V.

So now it seems a possible thing
That Mayor Wood may yet be King,
And if he should, some fellows will sing
Requiem on our Manhattan Island;
But one thing's true, 'twixt you and me,
Worse governed by Wood we cannot be
Than now by the Albany Regency,
Who lord over Manhattan Island!
So, hokee pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum,
Prepare yourself for Kingdom come,
And a King of Manhattan Island!

Who is The Oldest Actor?

Why, "Superfluous Lags, the Veteran on the Stage," of course!



YOUNG TOZZLEHEELS HAS BEEN FOUND TO SELL HIS COACH;—BUT, JUST AS THOUGH HE COULDN'T MAKE NEW YEARS CALLS, YOU KNOW, ETC, ETC.

TO MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

From a careful study of the animal kingdom, what salutary lessons may be drawn for conduct in life! The incident mentioned in the following paragraph, for example, has its teachings for all while to the Representatives of the People now in Congress assembled, its suggestions are beyond price.

RHINOCSROS SHOT.—Readers of natural history are well aware that it is stated that the hide of a rhinoceros will resist a bullet. This fact was put to the test at DAN RICE'S circus on Saturday night. Capt. TRAVIS, the famous marksman, fired a bullet at the animal on exhibition at the show; it fell to the ground, flattened by contact with the thick skin. The animal did not even move when he was struck.

Member of Congress—"You, whoever you are!" when the bitter words arise between the sections, as arise they will, be a rhinoceros upon the floor of the House, presenting to your adversary a Hide impervious to any sarcasm with which he may Seek to pierce it. It is a pity, Member of Congress, "whoever you are," that your rhinocerostically thick skin will have to be adopted only in a moral sense, however, as the animal is rare, and it would be impossible for more than two or three of your trade to enact the congenial part of the "Hog in Armor" by Hiding their precious persons in revolver-proof overalls of unicornicuous cuticle. Otherwise it would be the most suitable material you could select for an entire suit; which, to be thoroughly effective, should be composed of a Whole Skin—a thing that but few of your fraternity will be likely to enjoy long, according to the present appearance of things which have a Travisty look.

There is another lesson, Member of Congress, "whoever you are," which you need not be too proud to take to your heart from the teachings of the sweet little rhinoceros. It is this. Of ten Members of Congress, about eight and three quarters are Beasts of many Horns—in the bar-room and bibulous, not biblical sense. The rhinoceros is a Beast of but One. Think of this, Member of Congress, "whoever you are;" and when the lobby-man incites you to liquor, tell him that you have had one horn already, and that it is your unicorn practice to confine yourself to that as your *per diem* allowance of drink.

And do not, like the rhinoceri, show your Horns upon your Nose!

Warning for the Ship of Commerce.

Brokers ahead!

CRITICISMS ON THE ELDER POETS.

There are many of the old poets whose beauties have never been sufficiently appreciated. We propose to enlighten the readers of V. F. as the fit seizes us. Why certain works of art outlive all conditions of time, very few inquire, and, satisfied with enjoying, we content not to criticise. As a first lesson we commence with a single verse, which, in the language of the Bard of Avon,

"From Childhood's hour
To most of us is known."

We beg the reader diligently to study the verse over before proceeding further. It reads:

"Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the Moon,
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish jumped over the spoon."

Mark, reader, how the attention is arrested by the very first word. Hey! "All within sound give ear." The whole of this line is embraced in this single word, and the attention raised to the highest point of expectancy for what is to follow. This opening word, simple yet severely grand, is the outflash of that genius which has given birth to the whole. Then follow the words "diddle, diddle." The iteration is remarkably fine, sustaining in level greatness the attention, whilst the utter absence of all sense leaves room for the imagination to revel in its wildest freaks. Like the sombre shadows of Salvator Rosa or the gloom of night, the mind instantly fills the void with "fancies fine." Having thus in the first line startled the attention, and by the unknown depths of meaning in the closing words bewildered the thoughts, the poet, in the next, brings together two objects apparently the most remote. The cat and the fiddle. This is a fine instance of what is termed wit, which may correctly be defined as the association of things that have no perceivable relation to each other, as boiled mutton and capers. The only difference between great wit and madness to which it is allied, is, that in the case of wit, in the course of time, from a few seconds up to an hour, depending upon the hearer, the remote relationship is perceived. In the present instance catgut is the relationship between the two objects, and saving the line from the objection of being insensate, gives it the true attic flavor. We have fixed an hour as the extreme length of time that ought to be allowed to discover a witticism; we know some differ with us and demand a longer time, but our reason is, and we think it conclusive, that the hour has in it sixty minutes. Wit quickens the attention, and thus in these two lines the Poet happily disposes of the unities leaving himself untrammelled in the rest of his verse. For as by the first word the attention is arrested, by the next bewildered, so in this line it is quickened; so we have here the three unities. Having now a free wing, the poet plunges at once into the depth of Indo-European mythology, and seizing the salient points of the earliest of the myths of the Bhagarandata condenses the whole story into a simple line;

"The cow jumped over the moon."

Why the cow? the intelligent reader will say. Because she is the most quiet of animals, and never indulges in any other saltatory performances than occasionally kicking over a milk-pail. Her quiet nature has even given to our language a word to express the condition of the bully unhappily frightened. He is Cowed. Now making this quiet creature, this mother of herds, jump over the moon, is a stroke of the highest inventive genius. It shows the true poet of nature, the man to whom "The daisy by the river's bank," and "Alps on Alps arise," are all alike. The anxiety as to what becomes of the cow, the long and arduously disputed question, whether the horns of the moon have any connection with her fate, is gracefully turned aside by the tender pastoral scene presented in the next line of, "The little dog laughed to see the sport." Poetry has nothing to do with reason, and the Poet wisely avoids the discussion of the cow thereafter, and likewise the difficulty which created the lifelong feud between Scaliger and Spinoza, as to the milky way being the course of her jump. These difficulties are all waived and forgotten in the pleasant picture of a little dog laughing, and here we call attention to the adjective. Had it been a big dog, or a brown dog, or no dog at all, how much the line would have lost of its effect. We have not time now to discuss the last line; its deep poetic imagery, and the discussion of its varorium readings, demand a chapter for itself.

Historic Coincidents.

BIRNAM WOOD went before DOUGLAS, and FERNANDO WOOD went after him.

Republican Sentiment, for which we are not responsible.

The Minute Men can never be (H)our Men!

UNCLE SAM'S CHRISTMAS.

—OR—

The Lighting of the Tree.

OUND East and North the boughs are strong,
The Western ones are spreading,
A better shelter than they make
Man could not rest his head in.
That Southern bough has got a twist,
And straight we'll have to make it—
But pray take care! don't pull *too hard*,
Or *off*, perchance, you'll break it.

CHORUS.—A noble Christmas Tree we've got,
Bring out the cakes and candy,
We'll dress the branches to the tune
Of Yankee doodle dandy.

We'll place the Eagle on the top,
Whence no rude hand shall shove him,
Unfurl the flag, and let it spread
Its Stars and Stripes above him.
Those bits of California gold
Hang where the gas-light glances;
And ribbons tie, Red, White, and Blue,
In love-knots on the branches.
CHORUS.

Long time ago, when all the land
Was filled with guns and tooting,
Old Johnny Bull tried hard to keep
Our Nation's Tree from shooting;
But rallying round the sapling stout,
Our Fathers stood undaunted,
And the British Lion roared with rage,
When Freedom's Tree was planted!
CHORUS.

And year by year that stately Tree
Has grown in grace and glory,
And deeds beneath its shadow done,
Are famed in song and story.
And every grudge 'gainst honest John
Is over now and done, sirs,
Since welcome warm, throughout the land
We gave his Eldest Son, sirs.
CHORUS.

Now let us still united stand,
All Brothers of the Nation,
Nor blow the fiery South to flame,
With Northern agitation.
Let every honest hand be raised,
Each honest heart be plighted,
That year by year we'll strive to keep
The Tree of Union lighted!
CHORUS.—Yankee doodle, doodle doo—
We'll share the cakes and candy,
And keep our Christmas to the tune
Of Yankee doodle dandy!

A Lumbering Concern.

A Saw Mill.

VIVE RAREY!

Come to our arms, RAREY! Repose upon our Manly Boosom for the space of a couple of minutes! Not MR. RAREY. We decline the epithet. Not GEORGE WASHINGTON RAREY; not WILLIAM HENRY or JULIUS CÆSAR RAREY or any thing of that sort, after the fashion of ordinary mortials or other persons; we don't want to know any such man. It's RAREY we desire to welcome with a becoming and proper degree of caloric; with a sincerity equalled only by the Magnificence of our Personal Appearance when we have all our good clothes on, and with a highlarious old gratitude for His safe delivery out of Furrin Parts. The world never possessed but one WASHINGTON, one NAPOLEON, one SHAKESPEARE and sich: *It has but one* RAREY; and as we refuse in the case of, for instance, the Warrior last mentioned, to designate him as Mr. SHAKESPEARE, or even as WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Esq., so do we likewise in *this* 'ere case now before the Coort for reasons aforesaid or not as the case may be according to agreement between the Party of the first part and Us as will be further shown in the evidence now to be introduced for the first time on any Stage in America with new and gorgeous Decorations in Five Acts supported by the whole strength of the Company and warranted sound and kind in single or double harness and sold for want of use in quantities to suit purchasers and delivered free of expense in any part of the City in a family without other boarders; this Act to take effect immedi— Steady! Old Pegasus! Whoa! old boy! By Jove, where *are* you carrying us? Don't you see that our feelings are becoming too numerous to mention. Why, cer'nly! There, now; quietly, gently! Let's get back to our starting post.

RAREY we're glad you've come. We want you. There's work for you to do. We can't at this present speaking go into details, but there is some hard work before you. There are unmanageable Hobbies of all sorts and conditions for you to try your magic upon. Hobbies which are not only dangerous to their riders, but are nuisances to all other people. For example, in one "Ring" in particular there is a very bad lot; about a dozen. They have been spoiled by the Public and have ungratefully and with malice prepense returned kicks for kindness. They *must* be taken in hand —*or killed!* Perhaps, however, the worst case requiring attention is that of a very Vicious Mayor; vicious ever since birth, of medium height; color, dun—completely done! and finished; we never want to see, we never *will* see another of this stripe. We mean this utterly and unqualifiedly, Mayors like this WOOD, (or should) under ordinary circumstances deserve Haltering. We decline to state the course which RAREY designs to pursue in this case. The Public Ear *must* be respected.

There are many, alas! too many other subjects needing active treatment, but time and space—and—well, in fact we are internally hungry, and Nature must be Sustained. Therefore, O Pub., (haven't time to give you a lic.,) rejoice and be exceeding glad. In other words Go it! Have a Good Time! Don't drink lemonade when you can get Rhum. Don't have a Done Mayor when a four-year-old Black will not kick up and spatter you half so badly; or in still other words Do just pretty much as You please and oblige Us accordingly as aforesaid. Now for Lunch!

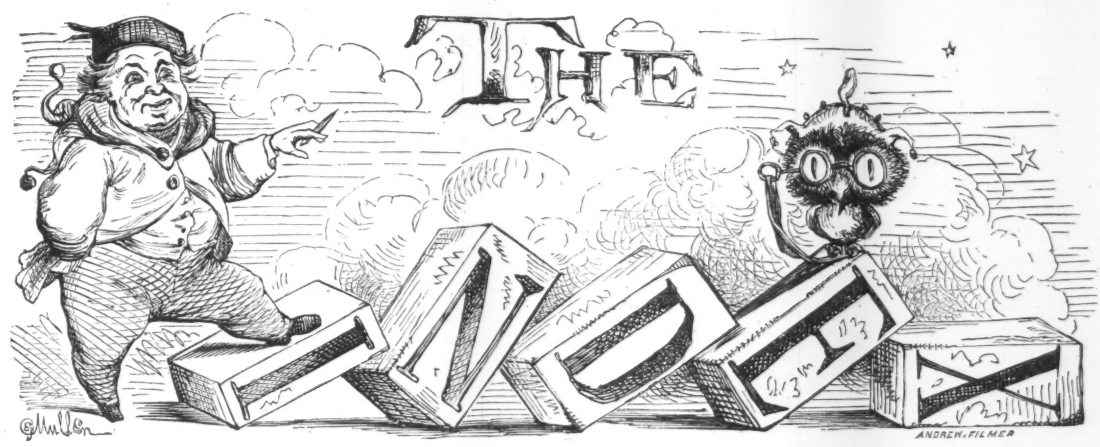
P. S. (after Lunch.) A confidential communication from RAREY informs us that under no possible circumstances can he undertake to do anything for the Noble Animal lately treated by C. A. D——A., The one whose visual organs were in that condition of repose so graphandpoetically described in the *Tribune*, on the morning of Nov. 7th. RAREY considers his case beyond his Art

Singular, if True.

A correspondent at New Orleans writes, saying that a hippopotamus belonging to a showman there, on being led through the city a short time since, grew nervous at the noise and crowd, and, standing suddenly up on its hind legs, gave vent to its feelings in the hippopotamity strange expression "Hooachiwinckon!" whatever that means. The crowd took umbrage at this, which they supposed to be an attempt at "Hooray for LINCOLN!" and, rushing upon the poor animal they tore it away from its keeper, tarred and feathered it from nose to nail, and turned it loose for a terrible example. The owner of the beast, however, who was formerly connected with BARNUM—was no loser by this; for he has regained possession of it, and thousands who were tired of the hippopotamus, are now crowding daily to see the great Australian Goose, which will draw probably until the warm weather, when a melt and a moult will, of course, put an end to the deception. Such is life!

Sentiment by a Conservative.

The Confederacy is only too well typified by our national banner, its Union looks decidedly Blue.



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